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the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are aged 65 and over has increased from 10.5 million to 12.5 million, and the number of people aged 75 and over has increased from 5.5 million to 7.5 million (Office of National Statistics 2000). The number of people aged 65 and over is projected to increase to 15.5 million by 2020, and the number of people aged 75 and over to 9.5 million (Office of National Statistics 2000). The increase in the number of people aged 65 and over is expected to be due to a combination of factors, including a decline in the birth rate, a decline in the death rate, and a decline in the rate of emigration.

The increase in the number of people aged 65 and over is expected to have a significant impact on the UK's health and social care system. The number of people aged 65 and over who are in need of health and social care services is expected to increase significantly in the coming years. This is due to a number of factors, including a decline in the birth rate, a decline in the death rate, and a decline in the rate of emigration. The increase in the number of people aged 65 and over is expected to have a significant impact on the UK's health and social care system.

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PEARL

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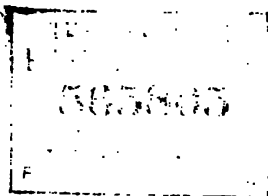
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**PEARL: RENDERED INTO  
MODERN ENGLISH VERSE  
BY S. WEIR MITCHELL**



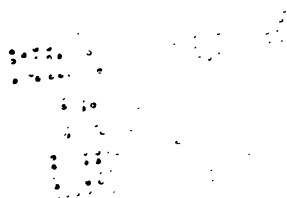
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W. W. W. W.  
J. W. W.  
V. W. W.

## A FOREWORD



WYOMING  
CLUB  
YEARLY



## A FOREWORD

**I***N the west midland of England, in the second half of the fourteenth century, lived a poet whose name no man knows to-day. A strange chance has preserved the manuscript of four of his poems. One of these, Pearl, emblem of purity, has been the subject of much controversy as to whether it be the poetic record of a real loss in the guise of allegory, or an allegory based on an imagined grief.*

*About this question there has long raged a war of words. The last argument in favor of the merely allegorical nature of Pearl is from the able pen of Professor Schofield of Harvard. Not all scholars agree with him, and there are competent students of the fourteenth-century poems who still believe this noble poem to be the voice of a real grief in the form of an allegory. I am altogether incompetent to decide the question on scholarly grounds. When, however, feeling that Professor Schofield might be right, I read again the stanzas which appeal to those who have*

suffered as this nameless poet seems to have done, I felt anew that this poem is surely the honest gift of a personal sorrow to the sorrow of all the after years.

This ably waged contest does not greatly concern me, to whom the elegiac beauty and tenderness of the verse address themselves with more appealing force. Its simplicity and quaintness add a singular charm, and as concerns its quality as poetry there can be, I think, but one opinion.

The story is simple. It is a lament and a vision. The father falls asleep on his daughter's grave, and, dreaming, sees in heaven Marguerite — his Pearl. They talk together, and then later there is much discussion of theological matters, and, at last, a statement in verse of the apocalyptic vision of St. John.

The poem has interesting peculiarities of structure.

There are one hundred and one stanzas, each of twelve lines in three quatrains, all rhymed a b — a b. The alliteration of an earlier day is still seen in the verse, but is less freely employed. Some one word of the final line of each stanza is repeated in the first line of the succeeding stanza.

The rhythms of this charming poem deserve closer study. The poet uses with

*delightful freedom lines of very varied length; usually they are octosyllabic.*

*The language of Pearl belongs to the Middle English of the west midland counties, and even now is not, as a whole, difficult if it be read aloud so as to address the mind through the ear rather than through the eye. Few, however, will be tempted to wrestle with the original version. But there is an excellent translation into unrhymed verse by Israel Gollancz.*

*For five hundred years this poem was unknown and lay bidden in the difficult writing of the fourteenth century. That this wail of grief appealed to Tennyson, even in its imperfect modern dress of unrhymed verse, may serve to excuse my effort to restore to its measures the melody and lifting wings of rhyme.*

*In many places I have used archaic words or retained such as now have meanings they had not in the poet's day. Thus pleasance here means pleasure, and courtesy must be accepted as having more than its present meaning. I owe an apology to Mr. Gollancz for my free use of his translation of Pearl into modern English. Without it, I should have been incompetent to follow with reasonable accuracy the meaning of the author.*

*If in some places I have taken liberties in my version, I have followed an illustrious example. I offer as my excuse that mine is not a new translation, but a rendering of the poem into modern English verse.*

*For convenience of reference I have numbered the stanzas of my version in the order in which I give them. I have made no use of the original stanzas 12, 30, 34, 38, 39, 47, and of those between 49 and 96. The stanzas thus left out are either such as add little of value, or such as, in the larger gap, deal with uninteresting theological or allegorical material.*

**S. WEIR MITCHELL.**



PEARL

**LINES BY LORD TENNYSON.**

**Prefatory to Mr. Israel Gollancz's version of *Pearl*.**

*We lost you — for so long a time —  
True Pearl of our poetic prime !  
We found you, and you gleam re-set  
In Britain's lyric coronet.*

## I.

PEARL, for a prince's pleasance fair enow,  
 Right cleanly housed in gold so clear,  
 No orient pearl I dare avow  
 Was ever yet her precious peer.  
 So rounded, in such rare array,  
 So small, of smoothen comeliness,  
 I judged her of all jewels gay  
 As singly set in singleness.  
 Lost in mine arbour,— woe is me !  
 'Neath earth she lies with grass o'ergrown,  
 I mourn love's sweet anxiety  
 That spotless pearl had made my own.

## II.

There have I tarried oft-times where below  
 It left my sight, to seek again the joy  
 That once was wont to scatter all my woe,  
 And lift my life above the world's annoy.  
 About my heart do ceaseless sorrows throng;  
 That constant grief must ever constant be—  
 Yet thought I never was so sweet a song  
 As the still hours thither brought to me.  
 Ah me ! what thoughts are mine ! I sit and dream  
 Of those fair colours clad, alas ! in clay.  
 O earth ! why hast thou marred this tender theme—  
 My spotless pearl, that was mine own alway ?

### III.

Here lavish fragrance needs must spread  
Where such rich waste the soil hath won ;  
Of blossoms white and blue and red,  
No gayer rise to greet the sun.  
Here nor fruit nor flower may fade,  
Where passed my pearl to night of ground ;  
From dead grain cometh fruitful blade,  
Else never wheat had harvest found.  
Ever 't is good that good doth bring,  
Such seemly seed it falleth not ;  
Here ever-fragrant flowers shall spring  
O'er thee, my pearl without a spot.

### IV.

That place I sweeten with gentle rhyme,  
I came to, where was my arbour green,  
In the high season of August time,  
When corn is cut with the sickle keen.  
Where pearl lay under the grassy mead,  
Shadowed it was with leafage green,  
Gillyflower, ginger, and gromwell seed,  
And peonies powdered all between.  
Fair and seemly the sight was seen,  
Fairer fragrance earth knoweth not ;  
Worthily won it was, I ween,  
Of pearl, the precious, without a spot.

V.

I gazed, my hands together pressed,  
For, chilled with care of sorrow wrought,  
My heart beat wildly in my breast,  
Though reason sager counsel taught.  
I wept my pearl in earthy cell,  
And timid reason fought with doubt ;  
Though Christ did comfort me full well,  
Weak will with woe me cast about.  
Such soothing scents the air did fill  
That, lulled on this rose-peopled plot,  
By sleep o'ercome, I rested still  
Above my pearl without a spot.

VI.

Thence sped my spirit far through space,  
My body tranced upon the ground,  
My soul's quick ghost by God's sure grace  
Adventuring where be marvels found.  
I wist not where on earth that place  
With cloven cliffs, so high and sheer,  
But toward a wood I set my face,  
Borne whither radiant rocks appear.  
Their light more golden than the sun,  
A gleaming glory glinted thence :  
Was never web of mortals spun  
So wondrous fair to mortal sense.

## VII.

The hill-sides there were brightly crowned  
With crystal cliffs so clear of kind,  
And wood-sides, set with boles around,  
Shone blue as is the blue of Inde.  
On every branch, with light between,  
The leaves of quivering silver hung ;  
Through gleaming glades with shimmering sheen  
The light fell glistening them among.  
The gravel rolled upon the shore  
Was precious pearls of Orient.  
The sun's bright beams were pale before  
That sight so fair of wonderment.

## VIII.

My spirit there forgot its woe,  
So wondrous were those charmed hills.  
Rare flavoured fruits thereon did grow,  
Fit food to cure all human ills.  
In fair accord the birds flew by,  
Like winged flames, both great and small,  
Nor cittern string nor minstrelsy  
Might hope to match their joyous call :  
For when the air their red wings beat,  
Full choir sang they rapturously.  
No greater joy a man could greet  
Than this to hear, and that to see.

## IX.

Past all that eye of man has seen,  
Past any wealth of words he hath,  
The beauty of those wood-ways green,  
The witchery of that wooing path.  
Still on I pressed, as one who goes  
Companioned by a joyous mood,  
Through deepening dells where richly rose  
Fair flowers by winsome breezes wooed.  
Hedge-rows and marsh where wild fowl breed  
I saw, and lo! a golden band —  
A wonder that did all exceed —  
A sunlit river cleft the strand.

## X.

O marvellous river, broad and deep,  
With banks that beam with beryl bright!  
As music sweet the waters sweep,  
Or gently murmur low and light.  
From darkened depths shone jewels fine,  
As gleams through glowing glass the light,  
As quivering stars in the welkin shine,  
When tired men sleep of a winter night.  
Each little stone that stream below  
Was emerald green, or sapphire gent;  
From them the light did leap and glow,  
To daze a man with wonderment.

## XI.

Wondrous glamour of down and vale,  
Wood and water and noble plain,  
Did build me bliss and made me hale,  
Routed sorrow and cured my pain.  
Low bowed beside the stream I strayed,  
With breed of joys my mind was glad ;  
The more I walked by mere and glade,  
More strength of joy my spirit had.  
Fortune fares where likes she still,  
Sends she solace or evil sore,  
The wight on whom she works her will  
Hath ever of either more and more.

## XII.

More and more, and yet far more,  
I longed to see beyond the strand ;  
For if 't was fair on the nearer shore,  
More lovelike was that farther land.  
I stayed my steps,— I stood at gaze,  
To find a ford I sought,— alas !  
Beside the strand, as in a maze,  
I won not any way to pass.  
Though peril in my path might stand,  
I recked not, where such treasures were ;  
But fresh delights were nigh at hand,  
That did my wondering spirit stir.

### XIII.

What wonder more did daunt my sight?  
I saw beyond that mystic mere  
A shining cliff of crystal bright,  
With royal rays, as morning clear.  
At foot there sat a little maid —  
A maid of grace, and debonair;  
In glistening white was she arrayed,  
Well known long ere I saw her there.  
More radiant than refined gold,  
She stood in sunshine on the shore.  
Long did my sight that vision hold,  
And more I knew her, more and more.

### XIV.

What time I saw her face so fair,  
And found anew her slender grace,  
Such glad delight I seemed to share  
As knew I never any place,  
Her tender name I longed to call,  
But wonder checked my yearning heart;  
Ah well it might my soul appal  
To be so near — so far apart.  
Uplifted was her visage sweet,  
As ivory pure the tint she wore,  
Heart thrilled was I her glance to meet,  
And ever and ever, more and more.

## XV.

Yearning had I by dread opposed.  
I stood full still, I durst not call,  
With eyes wide open and mouth full closed,  
Like to a well-trained hawk in hall.  
Hope had I for my soul's behoof;  
Fear had I it might thus befall,  
That she I longed for might stay aloof,  
Or pass forever beyond recall.  
Lo! uprose that child of grace,  
Slender, small, and seemly slight,—  
Rose right royal with lifted face,  
A precious maid, with pearls bedight.

## XVI.

When, fresh as dewy fleur-de-lys,  
Adown the bank she moved toward me,  
High fortun'd he on earth that sees  
Such peerless pearls of empery.  
As white as snow her amice gleams,  
Her waist a lustrous broidery  
Of pearls a man might see in dreams,  
But never else on earth could see.  
Full ample hung her sleeves, I ween;  
Twain braided they with pearles bright.  
Her kirtle green alike was seen,  
With pearls of price around bedight.

## XVII.

A crown did wear that maiden girl  
Of margerys, and none other stone.  
High pinnacled, of clear white pearl,  
It glowed with flowers wrought thereon.  
Her head no other gem did grace ;  
Her hair half hid her neck from view.  
In statelihood of mighty place  
She stood more white than whale tooth's hue.  
Her loosened locks, that gold exceed,  
Flowed wandering, o'er her shoulders curled ;  
Though dark their gold, they scarce did need  
For contrast fair her robe impearled.

## XVIII.

Bravely broidered was every hem,  
On sleeve and vest fair broidery lay  
Of white pearls and no other gem,  
And glossy shone her white array.  
A wonder pearl without a taint  
Lay moon-white where her bodice met ;  
Soul of man might falter and faint  
Ere mind of man its price could set.  
Tongue of man might ne'er be sure  
With fitting words to tell aright  
How spotless white and virgin pure  
Was that rare pearl, my soul's delight.

## XIX.

Decked with pearls, that precious piece  
Of Heaven's make came down the strand ;  
My grief won wings of glad release  
When that I saw her nearer stand.  
None else of kin were dear as she,  
And joyful then was my surprise  
When seemed it she would speak to me,  
And courteous bowed in woman wise.  
She doffed her crown of jewels bright,  
With low obeisance bending blithe.  
Leave to answer that pearl of light  
Made worth it well to be alive.

## XX.

"O Pearl, so gay with pearls," quoth I,—  
"O Pearl that in my loneliness  
Art yearned for when at night I lie  
Sole comrade of my own distress,—  
Since over thee the grasses twine,  
No love to mine with love replies.  
May liking, love, and joy be thine,—  
The strifeless bourne of Paradise.  
Such weird as brought thee hither here,  
With plight of sorrow hath me undone ;  
Now are we twayned that were so dear,  
And in love's life were but as one."

XXI.

High crowned with pearls of Orient,  
Looked up at me with fair blue eyes  
That gracious maid with grave intent,  
And sober spake in courtly wise.  
"Sir, the tale is by half mistold  
To say thy pearl is all perdue,  
That a comely coffer in guard doth hold,  
In flowered gardens, gay to view,  
Where she may ever dwell and play,  
Where sin nor sorrow come never near.  
Safe should such treasury seem alway  
If thou didst love thy jewel dear.

XXII.

"If for a jewel lost, fair Sir,  
A jewel dear thou art in grief,  
Thy care filled soul doth surely err,  
O'er mastered by a loss so brief,  
For that thou lost was but a rose  
That flowered and failed as doth its kind;  
In heaven's casket now it glows,  
A pearl of price, as thou shalt find."  
Lo, thou hast called thy weird a thief,  
That nought from thee has taken quite.  
To blame release from earthly grief  
Is not to love thy Pearl aright."

### XXIII.

A jewel came to me, this guest,  
With jewelled words of gentillesse.  
"Thy words," quoth I, "O blissful best,  
Have charmed away my dire distress.  
To be excused I make request ;  
I thought my Pearlé's days were done ;  
Now that I find her here confessed  
Fain would I stray with her I won  
Through woodland ways and ever hear  
Her songs of praise for bliss brought near.  
Ah, were I with her past the mere  
What joy were mine, O jewel dear !"

### XXIV.

"Gentle Sir," said the maiden gem,  
"Why do men jest? Distraught ye be.  
Three words hast said, and all of them  
Forsooth are folly,—yea, all the three.  
Thou knowest not what thy words may mean ;  
Quick words thy tardy wits outfly.  
Dost surely think I here am seen  
Because thou seest with mortal eye.  
Thou sayest, too, that thou, alas !  
May bide with me in this domain.  
The way this stream to freely pass  
No living wight may know to gain.

XXV.

"Small praise that man would have of me  
Who trusts the wisdom of the eye.  
Much to be blamed and graceless he  
That thinks the Lord could speak a lie,—  
Our Lord who promised thy life to raise,  
Though fortune bid thy body die!  
Ye read his words in crooked ways  
To trust alone what sees the eye:  
And that is a fault of haughtiness  
Doth ill a righteous man beseem,  
To trow no tale has worthiness  
Unless his reason so may deem.

XXVI.

"Think now thyself if it be well  
Of God such words as thine to say.  
Dost think in this fair land to dwell?  
Methinks 't were better his leave to pray:  
And yet might fail thine eager quest.  
Ere thou shalt pass that watery way  
Thou first must find another rest,  
And cold must lie thy corse in clay;  
For it was marred in Paradise,  
Where our yore-father wrought it loss,—  
Through dreary death thy journey lies  
Ere God will give thee leave to cross.

## XXVII.

"Thou thinkest sorrow naught but dole.  
Why dost thou make this vain pretence ?  
For lesser loss the wailing soul  
May lose far more than he laments.  
Shouldst rather hold thee blessed by it,  
And love thy God in weal and woe,  
For anger helpeth thee no whit,  
And man must bear what all must know.  
Though thou shouldst prance as any doe,  
And fret and chafe in mad unrest,  
Thou canst not any further go,—  
Abide thou must what He thinks best."

## XXVIII.

And wilt thou doom me, gentle maid,  
To dole again, when surely won  
I have anew what far had strayed ;  
To lose it ere my words be done ;  
To meet and miss what I would keep,  
Ah, woe were mine, and mortal pain.  
To love is but to learn to weep ;  
To love is but to lose again.  
Now reck I nought of life's decline,  
Nor exile, nor of lonely days ;  
If never more my Pearl is mine  
Enduring dole is mine always.

### XXIX.

Then spake I to that demoiselle —  
"Let not my Lord be wroth with me.  
As from a spring quick waters well,  
Leaps forth my speech so wild and free.  
My lonely heart is sorrow-scarred,  
In misericorde of Christ I rest,  
Rebuke me not with words so hard,  
Forlorn am I, adored and best.  
Thy kindly comfort me afford  
With piteous thinking upon this —  
Of care and me ye made accord  
Who once were ground of all my bliss.

### XXX.

"Thou hast been both my bale and bliss,  
But greater is the bale I moan.  
On every field my pearl I miss,  
I wist not where my pearl has flown.  
With clearer sight is sorrow eased.  
Ere parting came we were at one.  
Forbid it, God, we be displeased,  
Though meet we not beneath the sun.  
Though tender sweet thy courtesy,  
I am but earth, my joy is gone;  
Gone every hope of help for me  
Save mercy of Christ, Marie, and John.

XXXI.

"I see thee with thy comrade, joy.  
Ah, think of me when thou art glad;  
Sad hours my ageing life annoy,  
A lonely man bereft and sad.  
But now, within thy presence here  
I fain would bide, and patient wait  
That ye may tell — ah, pearl most dear —  
What life ye have both early and late.  
Full glad am I that thy estate  
Is changed to worship and to weal;  
Since thou hast passed to lofty state —  
There lies the only joy I feel."

XXXII.

"To know if here the life is led  
Be glad, will that thy grief assuage?  
Thou knowest when thy pearl lay dead  
Full young was I, of tender age.  
Lo! I am bride of Christ the Lamb!  
Through sacred Godhead wedded sure;  
A crownéd queen of bliss I am,  
Through days that shall for aye endure.  
Who have his love do hold in fee  
This heritage. I am his alone;  
His priceless glory is to me  
The source of every joy I own."

### XXXIII.

"Ah, Pearl of bliss, can this be true  
Let not my error bid me rue.  
Art thou the Queen of heaven's blue  
That all the world does honour to?  
We worship her, the spring of grace,  
Who bare a Child of virgin flower.  
Ah, none can take her crown and place,  
That pass her not in worth and power.  
For singleness of gentillesse  
We call her phenix of Araby,—  
The bird none match in stateliness,  
Like to that Queen of Courtesy."

### XXXIV.

"Ay, Queen of Courtesy!" she said;  
And lowly knelt and hid her face.  
"Matchless mother and merriest maid!  
Blest beginner of all our grace."  
Then rose she up and 'gan to speak,  
And looked at me across the space.  
"Though many find what here they seek  
None here may take another's place.  
The heavens do her empire make,  
Of earth and hell the Queen is she;  
Her heritage may no one take,  
For she is Queen of Courtesy."

XXXV.

"Yea, courtesy, I well believe,  
And charity do here belong.  
Let not my words thy goodness grieve —  
To me thy speech still seemeth wrong.  
Thyself to set so high in heaven  
As queen to make of one so young —  
What honour more might him be given  
That in the world by grief was wrung,  
And bought his bliss by years of bale —  
Yea, lived in penance wearily?  
No lesser honour him could fail  
Than King be crowned by courtesy.

XXXVI.

"Such courtesy too free appears,  
If that be sooth which thou dost say.  
On earth were thine but two brief years,  
Never couldst thou God please or pray,  
Knew never neither pater nor creed,—  
But queen outright on thy death day,  
I may not trow it, so God me speed,  
That God should rule so wrong a way.  
Countess or demoiselle, par ma fay,  
Were fair to be in heaven's estate,  
Or else a lady of less array,—  
But queen ! it were too high a fate."

XXXVII.

"His goodness hath nor mete nor bound,"  
Said then to me this worthsome wight;  
"For all is truth where he is found,  
Nought can he do but that is right.  
This Matthew doth for thee express,  
Writ clear in gospel sooth aright,  
Ensampled plain for easy guess,  
A parable of heavenly light."  
"My realm," saith Christ, "is like, on high,  
A lord's that had a vineyard fair,  
When lo! the vintage time was nigh,  
And men must to his vines repair.

XXXVIII.

"Right well his men the season know,  
So up betimes that lord arose  
To send them where his vines did grow,  
And unto some did there propose  
A penny a day to be their gain.  
With this accord forthwith they go,  
And toil and labour with honest pain,  
And prune and carry, go to and fro.  
At noon this lord the market seeks,  
And finds men standing idle here.  
'Why stand ye idle?' thus he speaks.  
'Now know ye not the time of year?'

XXXIX.

“ ‘ We hither came ere day begun,’  
This was their answer, one and all.  
‘ Here have we stood since rose the sun,  
And no man yet on us doth call.’  
‘ Go to my vineyard, work aright,  
And rest ye sure,’ that lord did say,  
‘ What wages fair ye earn by night,  
In very sooth I will surely pay.’  
Into his vines they went and wrought,  
The while he came, and came again,  
And new men into his vineyard brought,  
Until the day was on the wane.

XL.

“ At close of day, at evensong,  
An hour before the sun had fled,  
He saw there idle men and strong,  
And unto them he gently said :  
‘ Why stand ye idle all day long ?’  
‘ No man,’ they said, ‘ has come to hire.’  
‘ Go to my vines, ye yoemen strong,  
And work your best, as I desire.’  
Soon the world grew dusk and gray,  
The sun went down, it waxéd late ;  
He summoned them to take their pay —  
The hour had come for which they wait.

#### XL I.

"That lord well knew the time of day,  
And bade his steward pay them all.  
'Give every man his proper pay;  
And that no blame on me may fall,  
Set ye all of them in a row,  
And give alike a penny to each.  
Begin with him that stands most low,  
Until the first his wage shall reach.'  
Thereon the first did quick complain:  
'My lord, we toiled full long and sore;  
These last have had but little pain,  
Our wage should justly be far more.'

#### XLII.

"Then said this lord, 'In sooth, I try  
To use mine own as seemeth meet.  
Why turn on me an evil eye,  
Who justice seek and no man cheat?'  
Quoth Christ, 'I now do thus decree,  
The first shall be the last, and those  
Who latest came the first shall be,—  
Of many called but few be chose.'  
Thus do poor men win their way,  
Though late they come and low their state;  
If brief has been their labour day,  
The more of grace doth them await.

XLIII.

"More bliss have I, and joy herein  
Of ladyship, and life's delight,  
Than all the men on earth might win  
If all they sought were theirs by right.  
Although the night was nigh at hand  
When came I to the vines at even,  
Among the first God bade me stand,  
And fullest wage to me was given.  
Yet others waited there in vain,  
Who toiled and sweated long of yore,  
And still no wage repaid their pain,  
And may not for a year or more."

XLIV.

The Lamb's delight none doubted there.  
Though seemed he hurt and wounded sore,  
Yet glorious glad his glances were,  
And nought of pain his semblance bore.  
I looked among his radiant host,  
Quick with eternal life,— and lo !  
I saw my pearle's gentle ghost,  
I loved and lost so long ago.  
Lord ! much of mirth that maiden made  
Among her peers, so pure and white.  
I yearned to cross — all unafraid,  
So longed my love — so dear the sight.

XLV.

Delight held captive eye and ear ;  
My mortal mind toward madness drave,  
I would be there where stayed my dear,  
Beyond that river's mystic wave.  
Methought that none would do so ill  
As me to halt, if now I tried ;  
And if at start none checked my will,  
Fain would I venture though I died.  
Anon, from bold resolve I fell  
When I would take that peril's chance ;  
In that rash mood I dare not dwell —  
Not so my Prince's fair pleasance.

XLVI.

It pleased not God that I come near,  
Or think to cross that guarding mere,  
Aghast I stood, alone with fear —  
Alone, and she no longer here.  
For, as I stood beside the stream,  
I wakened in that arbour's shade.  
Gone was the gladness of my dream !  
My head was on that hillock laid  
Where over her the roses grow.  
Heartsore I lay upon the sod,  
And to myself I murmured low :  
“ Blest be my maid in care of God.”

#### XLVII.

So hard it was to drift away  
From that fair region all too soon,  
From sights so gallant, blithe and gay,  
That weak with hurt I seemed to swoon,  
And ruefully my head I bowed.  
"O Pearl," said I, "of rare renown!  
O, news of joy!" I cried aloud,  
"In this glad vision sent me down.  
And if thy tale in sooth be so,  
And thou art clad in joy's delight,  
Well am I in this home of woe,  
Since thou hast pleased the Prince's sight."

#### XLVIII.

If to God's pleasure I had but bent,  
And craved no more than man is given,  
And held me humble, with this content,  
As prayed that pearl in goodness thriven,—  
Then by God's grace I were less amiss,  
More mysteries my soul had won;  
But man doth have more greed of bliss  
Than life may give ere life be done.  
Therefore too soon my joy was riven,  
And I exiled from realms eterne.  
Lord! mad are they with thee have striven,  
For what doth not thy pleasure earn!

XLIX.

To win the Prince's love aright  
For Christen men is an easy end.  
Yea, I have found him, by day and night,  
A God, a Lord, full firm a friend.  
Befell me this on that mound's green sod,—  
For sorrow of Pearl there lay I prone,  
And this my jewel gave o'er to God,  
In Christ's dear blessing and eke mine own.  
Christ, that in form of bread and wine,  
The priest doth show, wherein God grants  
To us his servants here a sign  
That we be pearls of his pleasance.

*AN AFTERWORD.*

**A** *LITTLE* grave, a nameless man's distress,  
And lo! a wail of lyric tenderness,  
Unheard, unseen for half a thousand years,  
Asks from love's equal loss the praise of tears.





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The first of these is the fact that the  
 government has been unable to  
 maintain a stable currency. This  
 has led to a loss of confidence  
 in the government and a  
 consequent loss of support  
 from the people. The second  
 is the fact that the government  
 has been unable to maintain  
 a stable economy. This has  
 led to a loss of confidence  
 in the government and a  
 consequent loss of support  
 from the people. The third  
 is the fact that the government  
 has been unable to maintain  
 a stable society. This has  
 led to a loss of confidence  
 in the government and a  
 consequent loss of support  
 from the people.